



A NEW SONG CAL'D THE

## PAPIST ASS

On the 17th o' m'reh' r'ave boys I carelessly di' stray,  
I heard a papist donkey & most carefull was his bray,  
I'm destitute of com'rt & my hart is full of grief.  
Since I parted with my na iye rights I can find no rel'ef.

Oh my err' master why did you part with me.  
You sold your Ass & took eng' for a trish' of money.  
You sold me to a O a' g man with his pass' y'ner note,  
It grieves me to the h'rt my doys I'm called a turncoat.

The first place that they vok'd me it was a cruel place,  
It was for to draw sudb'ch' way r' m' h' ch'ngate,  
I thought that I was de-d they londed me so heavey,  
Then I w' s knocked dow' by O ange N' d the Bruswicke

Then sec'ndly I was so d unto anoth' r' mistress,  
She was a dear relation un o' the virgin Be's  
With her long countenaace she staps upon the floor,  
Her nose would make a knocker or an orangeman's door.

She says my papist donkey why cry for repeal,  
I'll keep you well in slavery & give but one meal.  
O ed y you w'nt be idle you must renoun o' the mass,  
And ura to one bibileth n' w' ll keep the papist ass.

Ho says go away you heretic your bibile steps I sc'ren,  
For I was in the stable where our Sav'ur he was born  
To serve it on my shold'rs he marked me with his grace,  
Where n' orangeman dare wear it on his face.

Then come all on g' llant Irish lads who you get leave  
to play,  
Rather use me tenderly when you meet me on the way,  
Rather use me tenderly as long as ere you'll,  
For you kn'w right well in your heart I hate an orangeman

Then all you lads & lasses g' y now fill' flowing g'oss,  
Cour drunk an a he'rom erred & out forgot the Ass,  
For we may be short ly g'os yet i' sy'leodour to be seen,  
At home i' that blessed stot on where there's 11 he'go g'os

